

# **Read completed You Messed with the Wrong Lady, My Mate!**

## **Chapter 1**

Underestimated... All my life, I have been underestimated and in as much as it had been annoying. It had favored me in so many fights and trials.

My father died years after I was born. Before I could even walk and talk. His time here on earth was due and he had to return to his world. but every now and then, he makes an appearance to my two older brothers; Lucas and Lucien and I so we know that he's still with us and never forgotten.

My mother, Celeste, the Alpha of our pack, raised her kids with an iron fist behind closed doors and spoiled us in the eyes of the pack and world. Because I'm a girl some of you probably think she went easy on me.

Well... No... If she trained my brothers five times hard, she trained me fifteen times harder and ruthlessly too at that.

She is a tough woman, who had fought so many battles and won and she had scars and tattoos to prove it too... she commanded respect and she has earned it duly.

Her warriors and pack members literally worship the ground she walks on and look on with pride, loyalty and uttermost respect whenever she walks by or around the pack, calls for a meeting or lead them to wage war on a deserving pack.

Our pack, the Midnight Chaos is one of the third strongest and fierce packs in our state and its surroundings and other packs as well as rouges knew not to cross my mother just because she is a woman and therefore underestimated her. Their first mistake and funeral.

Many have lost their lives for thinking that women like my mother were an inferiority complex and the weakest and therefore didn't deserve the Alpha position and my mother was always ecstatic to put such chauvinistic men in their place.

my mother may have somehow known that I will be 'blessed'... note the rich sarcasm... with an egotistic, chauvinistic man and lord knows what else so

she's molded me into a strong, analytic, independent tough woman that I am today.

I also have battle scars to show and tattoos which I tell you hurt like hell. You know as werewolves, the ink used for the tattoo on our skin won't stay because of our fast healing metabolism and it had to be mixed with silver our kryptonite for it to stay and take hold.

I swear it hurt like a bitch to the extent that I wanted to scream but I couldn't because my beloved mother stood at the doorway smiling down at me with a sickly-sweet smile and I had to toughen up since I told my mum and I quote,

'I'm strong and old enough to have some tattoos. It's a tattoo and it couldn't be that hard or painful'....

I whined the whole time it took to heal to my mother and brothers in the confines of our home of course which was a few meters away from the pack house because should Mama Alpha catch me doing that in front of the pack, I would have earned myself double time during training and my normal training time kills me as it is...

Well now to present time, we are preparing for the arrival of Alpha M.J River. The Alpha of The Silver River Pack, the largest and most fierce pack in our state with surprisingly one of the most mysterious Alpha's ever known.

A lot of people outside his pack don't even know what he looked like and those who knew never speak about it. Nobody really knows much about him except for his name and even with that we all have to keep wondering what the initials in his name stand for.

No one visits his pack for some unknown reason. You never go to him, he comes to you that is if he considers your summon. Which is very rare so it's a big deal for everyone in my pack but not me. I have so much to do like training, pack duties and more training before bed.

Well I went about with my business and was going up to my room to catch a much-deserved sleep when my oldest brother, Lucas stopped me in the way.

"Hi Luke" I said with a soft smile

"Hi little sis" he said with a smug smile knowing how much I hated that title.

"What do you want Luke? I want to get in bed already"

"Well too bad you can't. Mum said to tell you that Alpha River and his entourage will be here soon and we all need to be there to greet him. So, dress up and be there so she wouldn't have to come up and drag you which she will."

"Ah shit... whatever. Tell her I will be down in a moment." I said while running upstairs to get ready because I knew what my mother was capable of.

Ten minutes later, I was walking down the stairs in my trade mark dress code of black. I may be a girl but I hate all colors except black, maroon and preferably grey.

My rather dark hair in a tight ponytail on top of my head. A black shirt with the sleeves rolled up to my elbows, neatly tucked into my black high waist jeans with my black combat boots to finish my look.

As soon as I was in my mother's presence, I nodded in greeting and watched as she analyzed my dressing before giving her nod of approval. My brothers joined later and we all stepped out onto the compound to wait for our visitors.

It didn't take long before a number of black jeeps came speeding into our compound and parking a few feet away from where my family and I stood.

Together with our beta, Raymond Moore, our Gamma; Victoria Daniels and our head warrior, Marcus Jones. I could feel the apprehension and anticipation in the air from the pack members gathered around but I couldn't fret so I did what I do best.

Masking my emotions and schooling my heartbeat into a regular rhythm. The blank mask and cold glint in my eyes must have been intense because the beta of the silver river pack did a double take when he saw me perhaps to make sure he saw my expression right.

He kept his eyes on me with an amused glint in his eyes as his Alpha stepped down from the car. They both walked forward, leaving their entourage of warriors near the car. They took a couple of steps forward till they were standing a few feet away from us.

I watched as my mother slipped into Alpha mode right before she started speaking;

